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VALUE OF THE EVENING PAPER

News Comes When Business Men Have

Time to Enjoy It.

The value of the evening newspaper is not exhausted when it has given the news of the hour, or has helped the business man over the tedium of travel from his office to his home, says the Boston Transcript. Copies are seldom found littering the seats of steam or electric cars, as it is taken to the household for perusal by the whole family. Of course the evening is the time when it can be most thoroughly read and discussed. Moreover, so rapid has become every medium of intelligence from world's end to world's end that the evening paper is more favorably circumstanced than its morning contemporaries for keeping pace with the genuine news of each day. The facilities for extracting the best essence of the world's history for the day and the world's thought upon passing events have been brought to such a high state of development that it is enabled to keep even pace with daily events, furnishing a brief resume of such morning news as may have been expanded by other sheets beyond real value and keeping the record clear and unbroken. When it takes its readers into its confidence it is at a time when the cares and worries of business have been put aside for the day, or if not it helps to put them aside and enables the reader to keep in leisurely touch, not only with the current news, but with art and literature and those other larger and deeper interests of life for which most busy people have small inclination as they are about to plunge into the work of the day.

Hauling Molten Iron.

Stealing a red-hot stove has heretofore been supposed to be a feat impossible to the boldest burglar. It would probably, however, present but small difficulty to the Pennsylvania Yankee, as he has taken to hauling molten iron around the country to save the expense of melting it twice for his purpose. "A mechanical and economical triumph reported from Pennsylvania," it is noted, "is the daily shipment of tons of molten iron by railway from the blast furnaces at Duquesne to the Homestead steel works. This remarkable service was instituted on June 1, and is now an ordinary daily routine. The molten iron, as it is tapped from the furnace, runs into an immense mixing ladle, having a capacity of 250 tons, and from this it is poured into the 20-ton ladle cars, the ladles being made of sheet steel or iron, with a lining of refractory material. The cars are then hauled by a locomotive to the steel works, where the direct conversion of the molten iron into open hearth steel is made, avoiding all the expense of casting the metal into pigs and cooling, handling, re-heating, reheating and remelting the pig metal. It is stated in the Iron Age that between 700 and 800 tons of iron are transported daily from the Duquesne furnaces in this manner.—Charleston News and Courier.

Helping Bankrupts to Begin Afloat.

The bill which became a law in the closing hours of Congress was a compromise on the Nelson bill in the Senate, and the Torrey bill in the House. It is the result of an agitation among business men of more than fifteen years' duration. The bill is quite liberal in its provisions, especially on the terms of discharge. It is confidently believed that this legislation will enable from 150,000 to 200,000 bankrupts to fully re-establish themselves. Furthermore, it will enable manufacturers and merchants to secure a fair division of their debtors' property, and go a long way toward preventing embezzlement, fraud, and useless waste of valuable property. It will be of great assistance to the bankrupt who, though honest, has been forced to the wall.

Good Advice.

You must have a heap of embers to make a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they become dim and cold. So, to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives, to keep each other warm as it were, to afford to each other mutual encouragement and confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man, and not that of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Becoming Converted.

He—Do you believe there is anything in the theory that one becomes what one eats? She—Well, yes. I'm beginning to believe that there is. I have noticed that you seem to be particularly fond of squash.—Cleveland Leader.

VALUE OF OUR NAVAL MILITIA

They Have Won a Record for Their Coolness and Bravery.—Gallant Lads Who Have Acted Like Veteran Seamen in the War with Spain.

The gallant boys of the naval militia who are manning the auxiliary cruisers Yankee, Yosemite and Prairie, particularly the former, have already won for themselves a record for bravery and coolness in action which the regular marines may well envy. The naval militia is composed of young men, many of whom have been accustomed to lives of luxury, while few of them are used to hard work or rough, out-of-door life. Many naval experts have been skeptical of the efficiency of such troops in actual service. In the recent fighting off Santiago these recruits have covered themselves with glory while occupying a very dangerous and important position, and have won warm praise from Admiral Sampson.

The Yankee, with its crew of naval reserves, did not come into action until the bombardment of the fortifications guarding the harbor of Santiago. Her crew had been waiting for weeks for an opportunity to attack the Spaniards, and had grown impatient at the delay. The first chance came unexpectedly on the morning of June 6, when the second attack was made on the forts at the entrance to Santiago harbor. The signal was given for the ships to form in an immense crescent surrounding the mouth of the harbor, the Yankee taking up an exposed position near the shore batteries. Through-out the engagement she kept close in shore, fighting the batteries near the beach. The Yankee throughout made a fine showing, the young tars fighting like old bluejackets, and pouring in a savage fire without interruption. Their marksmanship was besides excellent, a large percentage of their shots taking effect.

Throughout this very spirited fight the Yankee was within range of scores of guns, most of which were in constant action. The vessel was meanwhile kept moving at a slow speed, thus enabling her to dodge the shower of solid shot rained upon her. The battle continued for more than an hour.

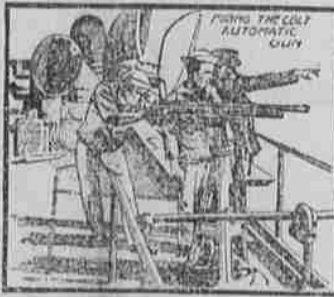


when the flagship, the New York, signaled "Cease firing." But the reserves had their fighting blood up by this time, and were in no mood to stop. Obeying to the orders the Yankee slowly and reluctantly turned seaward from the enemy's forts, but at the same time kept up a hot fire from her stern guns. The trick enabled her, while still obeying orders, to keep up the firing for several minutes after the other ships had ceased. The firing was kept up till she was entirely out of range. The old tars of the great battleships laughed heartily at the impudence of the smaller ship, and the officers good naturedly passed it by.

The reserves performed an important service the following day in the work of cutting the cables at Calmanera. A part of the fleet was detailed for the harbor, consisting of the St. Louis, Marblehead and Yankee, while a couple of gunboats fished up and cut the cable while the others engaged the forts. The attack was directed at the fortifications in Guantanamo bay at 5 o'clock in the morning. As in all previous engagements the fire of the Americans was most effective. The entire forces of all the forts guarding the harbor were directed on these three comparatively small boats, and the position soon became a very dangerous one. The men on the Yankee meanwhile returned the fire shot for shot with perfect coolness and with deadly accuracy. The gunnery of the Spaniards, it was soon noticed, was no better than on other occasions. The fortifications were soon reduced to ruins and many of the Spanish soldiers were killed. The Yankee meanwhile ran directly under the great forts and hammered away in a perfectly cool and business-like manner. Early in the engagement the cable operators were driven out of the cable station to the woods back of the town. With the enemy

silenced it was a comparatively easy matter to fish up the cable and cut it. In the afternoon the Yankee returned, and entering the outer harbor took up a position near the forts and channel of the inner harbor. The audacity of the little boat in thus challenging the enemy's fire won for the reserves the respect of the entire fleet.

The most effective work the Yankee has performed so far was in assisting in the landing of marines and establishing a landing station near Guantanamo. The spirited firing of the Yankee proved to be of great assistance to the troops. The naval reserves have, therefore, the honor of striking a decisive blow at the Cuban



fortifications and making possible the first invasion of the island. The work of the young marines has so favorably impressed Admiral Sampson that he dispatched the Yankee to combine with the Oregon and Marblehead to take the most important positions in covering the landing of the first troops in Cuba. The landing was effected on the afternoon of June 11. The shallow waters of the bay would not permit of the heavy warships approaching near enough to the land to cover the landing of troops from the Spanish soldiers who were lurking in the underbrush, so that the smaller vessels were obliged to do practically all the work. After silencing the batteries the Yankee and Marblehead moved to within a hundred yards of the shore, followed by the troopship Panther, carrying the landing party.

The position of the cruisers Yankee and Marblehead was a particularly dangerous one, owing to the peculiar formation of the shore.

The work of landing the marines required several hours. After several broadsides had been fired into the thick underbrush to sweep out, as it were, any stray Spaniards who might be ambushed there, the Yankee and Marblehead lowered all their boats, and, manning them with their best crews, started for the troopship Panther. The naval reserves have shown themselves quite as skillful with their oars as with their guns, and on this occasion their service with the small boats elicited very favorable comment from the flagship.

The landing party consisted of some six hundred marines from the First battalion of Brooklyn, under the command of Colonel Collier. The boats manned by the reserves carried from twelve to fifteen of these marines and their guns on each trip ashore. The brave fellows, who had been cooped up in the ships' cabins for several weeks were delighted to get ashore. Had it not been for the warlike appearance which the guns and uniforms lent to the men it might have been supposed that they were starting on a summer camping expedition, and everyone was in the best of humor. The Yankee sent six boats to assist in the landing, and the work was pushed



ed rapidly. As each boat left the Panther the marines were cheered heartily. The boats were rowed to the shore and beached, the marines jumping into the water and dragging them high and dry up on the sand. The men eagerly jumped ashore, unloaded their cutlery, and the boats, without losing a minute put off again for the troopship.

The party was under fire during the landing, but the marksmanship of the Spaniards was, as usual, exceedingly bad, and no one was hit. As the boats rowed by the reserves plied merily along an occasional bullet would

splash in the water nearby, but this little attention from the enemy seemed only to lend a certain relish and air of excitement to the work. No one for a moment thought or suggested a retreat. As soon as a small party of the marines had been landed they formed in line of battle and advanced on some huts and a signal station standing back from the shore. These were found to be quite deserted, and almost demolished by the bombardment which the Yankee and Marblehead had administered the day before. The first work was, of course, to raise the stars and stripes above the ruined signal house. The flag pole, which was still standing, commanded an extended view of the harbor for several miles. As the flag floated gloriously above the palms a mighty cheer went up, which was answered by the marines on every ship in the harbor. Old Glory had at last been raised in Cuba to stay. The reserves had helped more than the marines of any other ship to place them there.

OUR STORED-UP POWER.

Staybolt Considers Man Is Built Upon a Compartment Plan.

"Man is, as one might say," said Mr. Staybolt, "built in series of compartments, though he may not know this fact at the outset, and he may, indeed, go through life and die without knowing it, taking with him unused stocks of ability and strength that he had never known he possessed, simply because they were never brought into play. As to what will bring their qualities into play men differ. There are some few men who command themselves, and some who open at a touch; and then there are many who respond only to the most urgent call. But there are few men who cannot in some way be moved into action. This brings me, for illustration, to a brief consideration of the personal quality commonly denominated as sand, of which, I imagine, most of us possess far more than we suspect. For there are few men who finally run away; mighty few who will not stand up and fight when they feel that they are really called upon. But our sand is in compartments, and most of us, I fancy, open only one and make that last through life, and we die without knowing how brave we are, unless some great occasion, independent of ourselves, opens another compartment, and shows us what we really have in reserve. I might add that there are few, if any, revelations that come to us in life that give us greater pleasure or more enlarge our horizon. The moral of all this is that in our good qualities we should trust ourselves without hesitation. There are qualities which easily suggest themselves, which it would be better to leave unused, better for ourselves and for everybody else, if the compartments containing them were never opened; but as to such qualities as pluck, endurance, energy, capacity and moral strength, we should call upon ourselves freely. We should not take down with us, as otherwise we are almost certain to do, stores of these valuable qualities untouched, but rather we should draw upon them now and constantly and confidently, and in so doing we shall be gratified with our constant growth in strength and more than gratified with the attending substantial rewards."—New York Sun.

THE SQUAW MAN.

Information Gleaned by a Lady at a Reception.

At a recent reception at which the fashion and beauty of Denver were assembled one of the ladies found herself next to General Sumner, says the Denver Times. He had been presented to her earlier in the evening, but she had not quite caught his name—certainly not his title. Beamingly, she asked: "May I ask what is your occupation? Don't think me rude, for I have made a study of determining such matters without asking questions, but I must confess that you puzzle me. I am at a complete loss to place you." "Madam," replied the commander of the department of the Colorado, with his most serious countenance, "I am a squaw man." "A—a what?" she managed to gasp. "A squaw man, madam." "I am afraid I don't quite understand yet," said the fair interlocutor after a few minutes' cogitation, in which she took in the general's whole tout ensemble and decided that there must be another meaning to the term besides that to which she had been accustomed. "Why, that is easy enough to explain. In army parlance a squaw man is an officer who, when the rest of the officers are at the front fighting and winning glory, is left at home to guard the women. Madam, I am such an officer." "Oh, that's different," she ejaculated. And then the whirl of the throng carried them apart.

Links of Life.

Hardiuk—"My life reminds me of the career of a golf ball." Felts—"Why?" Hardiuk—"Because I am helped out of one hole only to get into another."—Harper's Bazar.

Wheeling in Brooklyn.

Bob—"Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday." Will—"Tandem?" Bob—"No; perambulator."—Tit-Bits.

It will require no naval board of inquiry to determine that the Hobson kiss is an explosion from the outside.

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